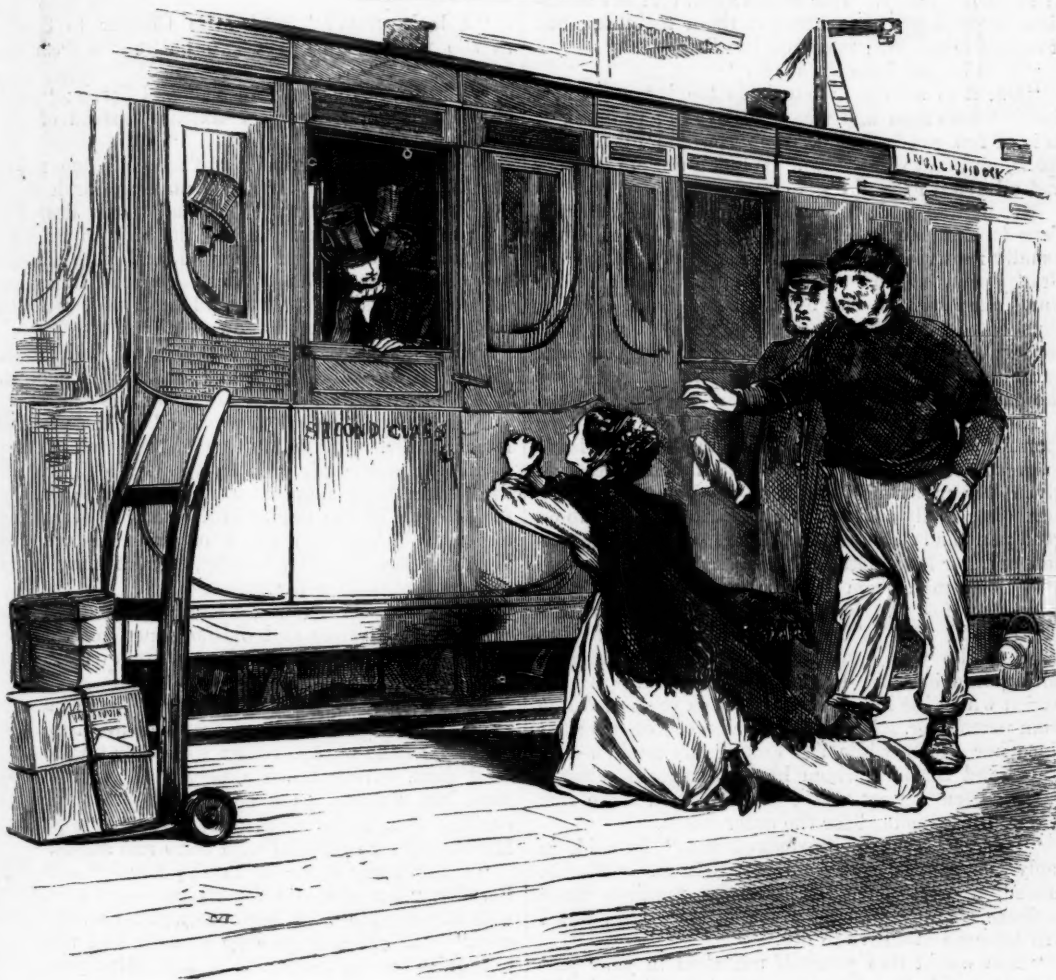


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



JANE HAS NO MONEY TO CARRY HER HOME.

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER XXV.—LEAVING ITS LIGHT BEHIND.

"How do you like Mr. Ferriby?" said Miss Chuffer, as she sat at dessert with Mr. Britton the following day.

"He is a plain, straightforward man. Have you seen him?"

"Yes; when he first came to view the property, Mr. Middleton took him to the school, and I wished,

of course, to interest him in the children; but as usual, they were *particularly* awkward, and I could not make them answer. However, Mr. Ferriby was very kind, and gave us five pounds, and promised to subscribe. Poor Nippy was very happy, for since so many have left Inglebrook the funds have got low, and if it were not for Mr. Middleton, I don't know what we should do."

"He is a liberal man, I think, and will be a gain to the parish. Do you know his sister?"

"Madame Minnipinni? No; I saw her in church

when she came with Mr. Ferriby; but they stayed here so short a time I did not like to call at their lodgings. *Living so much alone makes one very shy,*" said Miss Chuffer, sighing.

"Quite as well to wait," said Mr. Britton.

"I thought her a most elegant-looking person," said Miss Chuffer.

"She is the reverse of her brother in every way, so far as I have seen her; but I know very little of either yet. Their lives have been quite dissimilar—he has had to work his way through much difficulty, and has had rough experience around to discipline him. She has been spoilt by ease and indulgence, and I should not think there was much to spoil originally. Her widowhood, and his accession of property, have brought them together; but it cannot last. No; it cannot last."

"Will he purchase the Hall?"

"Oh, it is all done; but it is too large a place for that lone man and widow to live in; to be sure, *he* is of few words, but *her* tongue would fill a large space, and still want room. What a tongue it is!—and all about nothing."

Mr. Britton had spoken more freely and sincerely than it was his habit to do to any one; he was usually reserved in praising, and silent in blaming; charity and caution alike keeping the door of his lips. And Miss Chuffer felt the compliment of being thus entrusted with his opinion. Would she have repeated a word he had said? Not for the Hall and all its buildings, with the dolphin fountain into the bargain.

The visit of Mr. Britton was soon concluded—too soon for Miss Chuffer; but his going did not leave so great a void as his coming had found. He had given her many useful hints; he had encouraged her in her really self-denying and useful efforts to do good; and had reminded Mr. Middleton of her usefulness and her loneliness. He also had tried to arouse that good man from his too sedentary life. Mr. Middleton felt the loss of Miss Manners, as Miss Chuffer did that of Priscilla. While he was her teacher, she was often to him a useful monitor, letting him into the light of certain things in the parish which his habits of abstraction prevented him from perceiving. He had become more of a recluse since her death, while the loss of his nephew—for whom and through whom he had suffered much—having been a very severe trial to him, made him less and less inclined for the outer world.

"I have certainly overlooked this," he said, in reply to a gentle hint from Mr. Britton. "She is, indeed, a worthy woman, but she requires much patience. I ought to be ashamed to say so; but I will be more attentive to her."

"You would find yourself mistaken in your present idea, if you knew more of her," said Mr. Britton.

In consequence of all this, Miss Chuffer felt the effects of Mr. Britton's visit long after it had finished; and much was she helped through the winter evenings by being able to tell Sarah of the talk she had had with Mr. Middleton at the school, and how he recommended her to do this and that in her garden, and had begged her to take what she liked from the Manor House garden, and had asked her to nurse some very choice plants for him; how, too, she had reviews to read, and his paper was sent to her regularly, with an apology from him that he had not sent it before. Sarah, too, had become

better tempered; Mr. Britton had shown Miss Chuffer the errors of her management, and he convinced Sarah of her happy condition with such a mistress, and all this with few words,—but those words so weighty that they never failed of effect.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

THE winter wore away, and with spring came the purchaser of the Hall, to take possession.

Miss Chuffer wrote to Priscilla a most cheerful account of her winter past, and asked whether she recommended her to call on Madame Minnipinni.

"By all means," was the answer.

"I look—neat?" said Miss Chuffer to Sarah, as she walked a step or two backwards from the glass.

"You look as nice as can be," said Sarah; "only, if you'd put on the pink hankieher instead of that brown one."

Miss Chuffer hesitated. "The pink one might look better; but won't that be making Sarah think I care too much about dress, and didn't dear Mr. Britton say that example was the way to teach?" All this passed through her mind, and on to her face so plainly that Sarah might have read it, as her mistress turned gravely round and said, "To be neat, Sarah, is all we should care about."

"She don't know what taste is," said Sarah. "That brown hankieher's a fright, and the pink 'un is a beauty; but all she cares for is to be genteel."

Not aware of the effect produced by the practical lesson she had given, Miss Chuffer—well pleased at having exercised, even in this little thing, self-denial for Sarah's good—went out, with a smiling face, to call at the Hall. How changed everything appeared! Although much of the furniture had been purchased by Mr. Ferriby, a great many things were altered into a far plainer style. Nothing but what was useful, as well as ornamental, was seen there; plain liveries and old-fashioned servants betokened a master of a different stamp from poor Mr. Clackitt.

Mr. Ferriby, who was superintending some alterations in the garden, went forward to meet Miss Chuffer, as she walked rather nervously towards the Hall door, having heard a very good report of her from Mr. Britton, as a person most useful in the parish. Not many words of introduction passed; Miss Chuffer was liberal with bows and smiles.

"I think my sister is in the house," said Mr. Ferriby, "but she said something about being not well this morning. I hope she won't be out of the way." He called a passing servant, and told him to inquire among the maids if Mrs. Minnipinni had left her room.

"My sister is rather nervous," said he, as he conducted Miss Chuffer into a room comfortably fitted up for a breakfast parlour. "I suppose her receiving-room will not be ready for the present. We live in a few apartments just now. Although we have had workmen about these two months, and the house was new, and left in perfect order, it almost seems as if we were building one."

"How *particularly* strange," said Miss Chuffer, who began to wish in her heart that Madame Minnipinni might not feel well enough to make her appearance. "I trust you are not disappointed in your house, Mr. Ferriby."

"Not at all. It was very fairly sold, and will suit me, I don't doubt—when I have a few people in it, to fill it up."

"Ah, then, pardon me. You are expecting a family? I'm *particularly* glad to hear it. It will be a great advantage to Inglebrook."

"My grandchildren from school," said Mr. Ferriby. "Three youngsters who make plenty of noise, if that's any advantage to a place."

"Oh, I think children's noise *particularly* delightful. I missed dear Mrs. Britton's little ones sadly. But are yours boys or girls?"

"Boys. Oh, here's Mrs. Minnipinni. I was almost afraid you were not able to come. Miss Chuffer—Mr. and Mrs. Britton's friend."

Madame Minnipinni wriggled a foreign bend, and twisted her face into a painful smile which went over it like a spasm, and left it—as it was before—the picture of misery.

"Happy to see you. Very kind of you to call so soon. I wonder you dared to venture out in this sharp wind; but I dare say you are fortunate in having good health—*inestimable* blessing!" said the lady, clasping her hands, and looking up to the ceiling.

"Miss Chuffer doesn't look very strong," said Mr. Ferriby, looking kindly at her. "Do you think this a healthy place?"

"*Particularly* so," said Miss Chuffer, with energy. "As to me, I am very strong, though I don't do credit to the air in my looks, I know. We don't improve in looks, you know," she said to Madame Minnipinni, with one of her familiar smiles, "as we grow older."

Mr. Ferriby laughed, but Madame Minnipinni made so distressing a wriggle in getting out a smile that Miss Chuffer felt her ears burn. "I have made a particularly unfortunate speech," she thought.

"You are one of the working order, I hear," said Mr. Ferriby. "I think if you can get my sister to help you, it will do her a great deal of good. I am a great advocate for exercise and employment."

"I think, Samson," said the lady, "no one could undertake the management of this house without having both"—and with a second clasp of the hands and upward look, she sighed, "but you don't know the meaning of delicacy."

Mr. Ferriby thought it was time he did, as it was so frequently expounded to him, but he never ventured needlessly on a fresh commentary. So, thinking he had done enough to introduce the two ladies, he withdrew, heartily thankful to Miss Chuffer for giving his sister something besides herself to think of, and somebody besides himself to talk to.

"My brother is a Hercules," said Madame Minnipinni, "and the trials to which a person of delicate health must be exposed from the want of sympathy, arising out of an absence of anything like that tenderness of constitution which invariably, I think, engenders tenderness of spirit—are most distressing. Although I speak to a stranger, I feel impelled to lament this. My nerves become so agitated, when he exhibits his want of feeling for my state, that they refuse control, and I endeavour to find in language some diminution of the burthen which bears down my spirits."

Miss Chuffer tried to retain some definite portion of this speech, in order that she might make a definite answer; but what with the rapidity of delivery,

the shrugs of the shoulders, contortions of the face, and wriggles of the body, she was quite bewildered, and could get no further than "*How particularly—*" But to go further was not necessary. Mrs. Minnipinni began again before her visitor had got half through "*particularly,*" and in a speech—or a succession of speeches rather—conveyed to Miss Chuffer her belief that she was the most suffering, the most patient, and altogether the best woman in the world; and that the world was very ungrateful, and not at all mindful of the treasure it possessed. Miss Chuffer's face meanwhile wore a dubious and unbelieving expression. To her truly tender heart, nothing was more natural than pity; but although Madame Minnipinni came to tears now and then, and her voice was tremulous, and her face pale, and her figure fragile, a feeling of compassion was not to be got up. Indeed, as Miss Chuffer looked at the widow's dress, she thought—"Poor man, you must have talked him to death."

"I fear this place won't agree with me. I told my brother so, and I am sure I shall not be able to keep servants here; they will not endure the tedium of a country life. How I enforced it on him—how I talked to him! but in vain; and then the aspect of the house is unhealthy. I implored him to take all this into consideration; but men are so obstinate. You cannot convince them, and I really think the more I talk to Mr. Ferriby the less impression I make."

Miss Chuffer rose to go. She had come with many plans in her head. The school would be much benefited by another lady visitor. There was a district entirely vacant which she was obliged to work hard to visit. There was a lady patroness wanted for the woman's club. In fact, there were fifty things for which she had put down Madame Minnipinni in her mind; but she soon saw the downfall of all her hopes.

"How can you endure teaching in a school?" said the lady; "my nerves are shattered at the bare idea. I could not endure going among the poor; the sight of illness is always too much for me; it affects me painfully—makes me hysterical; while to see distress rends my heart. I have such exquisitely sensitive feelings—it is quite a misfortune."

"Quite," said poor Miss Chuffer, emphatically—and she thought, "I shall have a try for the club."

"We have a club for women—"

"Have you? How can you tolerate them? My dear lost one, my late husband, forbade my ever having anything to do with one; he would not allow one in our village. Indeed, we only resided there a short time: he saw that the situation did not suit me, and, with his sweet consideration, he sold the estate immediately, declaring that he valued his peace more than anything else—and how could he retain that while I was suffering?"

"How, indeed!" thought Miss Chuffer. "But why don't you approve—?"

"Oh," said the lady, throwing herself first on one arm of the chair and then on the other, "while I was in Italy with my husband—"

Miss Chuffer gathered up all her faculties to listen for reasons all the way from Italy, against a woman's club; but she was not gratified, for, at this juncture, visitors from the neighbourhood entered, accompanied by Mr. Ferriby, who seemed delighted to overpower his sister with some kind of work. Miss Chuffer thought it would be feasible to make a sort of clan-

destine escape, for the names of the new guests were most formidable to her; but Mr. Ferriby would not suffer it; he escorted her with all form to the door, and, more than that, walked with her to the garden gates.

"You found my sister very complaining, I fear?"

"She seems particularly un—"

"Unhappy?"

"Uncomfortable from being ill; she looks very delicate."

"Unhappy, is the word," said Mr. Ferriby; "I speak to you as a friend, though I know so little of you personally; if you will come and rouse her up a little, you will be doing a charitable work."

Miss Chuffer's face brightened into a real happy smile, and as she returned the hearty shake of the hand, she promised to call often, and do her best. This was a new office—she had really much to do to manage the poor, to have to labour among the rich was an unexpected vocation. "Well, it's *particularly* pleasant to be called upon to do anything," she thought, as she lifted the latch of the door.

"Sarah, we have a *particularly* valuable person in Mr. Ferriby, I am sure."

CHAPTER XXVII.—NEWS.

"This way, mum, you mustn't mind a bit of a squeeze, mum," said a burly-looking man, who was forcing a passage through a crowd, for a delicate young woman, in showy attire. "Please to hold tight after me, mum, and don't be afeared. Oh, never mind your shoe; we can't stop to pick nothin' up; there, we're getting clear now. Well, that was as good a squeeze as I'd wish to be in." As he said this, he fought his way through the last ranks, and then halted to put himself to rights.

"Shall I call a cab, mum? Where are you for—you seem a stranger?"

The young woman was nearly fainting from fatigue and terror.

"Oh, I want to go to Inglebrook," she said, as well as she could speak.

"Never *heard* of such a place," said the man.

"It's in —shire."

"Oh, then, you'd best go to the station, they'll tell you what line. Do you want to go at once?"

"It's my home," said the girl, beginning to cry.

"Come, cheer up; don't go for to cry. Where's your luggage?"

"I don't know what became of it. I was pushed away from the packet in that crowd; and if it hadn't been for you, I should have been killed, I'm sure."

"Well, 'twas a squeeze; but never mind. Where was your luggage?"

"Down by the side, I believe; but I didn't see it. Perhaps it wasn't taken out of the packet."

"Wasn't there nobody to look after it?"

"No. Missis was so sick and bad, she couldn't stand on the deck; and as to master, he wouldn't do it."

"Poor thing. Well, let's go and see about it; the mob's 'a heavin' off now the p'lice is comed up."

So saying, he led her towards that part of the quay where she had been standing, but no luggage was to be seen; the packet had gone on, and all was clear.

"Here's a job! Well, the sooner you get home the better. Maybe, you'd like to walk to the station, if you're short of cash; there isn't nothin' to carry, so it won't be so bad. I'll go along with you. I doubt

you've a good way to go. Inglebrook! I never heard the name of it."

And so they went on towards the station; the young woman every now and then giving way to a torrent of tears.

It appeared that her journey would be a cross-country one, and that it would not be till late the next day that she could reach its close; and she sobbed out, when she found what the expense would be, that she had not near enough to take her home.

"My purse is in my box, and I have only three shillings and eightpence in my pocket. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

"There, don't take on; p'raps I can lend you some." And her guide sat on a bale against the wall, and pulled out a bag, in which were half a sovereign, some fourpenny-pieces, a florin, and a shilling. He counted it backwards and forwards; but he couldn't make it enough. "Well, what's to be done. I'd 'a lent yer some; but yer'll want more than I've a got. Come home with me, and missis 'll give you a cup of tea. Come now,—and a bed; and we'll see if we can raise it any way by to-morrow. Come now."

But nothing could induce the unhappy girl to stay from Inglebrook. Another long night seemed impossible. "Oh, what *shall* I do?" was all she could say.

A gentleman in the train about to start, was attracted by her cries to the spot—and, seeing her, he fixed an attentive look on her face, exclaiming, "Jane!"

"Oh dear, Mr. Middleton, is it you, sir! oh, how happy! oh, sir, do take me along with you. I'm sure old missis will pay my journey, though I did run away. Oh, do sir, please, and I'll work my fingers off for you all the days of my life." And down she went on her knees, to the great surprise of her companion, who stood watching what would come of it all.

Mr. Middleton called "Guard;" and, having the carriage door opened, invited Jane to come in. "Never mind your ticket," he said. The train started that instant, and they were off.

She was too boisterously grateful and too hysterical from fatigue, fright, and grief, to be able to give any lucid account of herself, added to which, the noise of the train prevented explanations; so Mr. Middleton took out his paper and began to read quietly, while, before long, Jane cried herself to sleep.

They had a detention of two hours before they had gone fifty miles; and, after he had ordered proper refreshment for her—for the poor girl evidently stood in need of it—he asked an account of herself and Rosabella since their disappearance from Inglebrook.

"Indeed, sir, I was very sorry to do such a thing, but Mr. Glide was so fair spoken, and poor Miss Rosy was so pressing on me, that I couldn't get out of it, though I've never been sorry but once, I'm sure—and that's ever since."

"Evil courses are seldom smooth for long together," said Mr. Middleton. "But where is Mrs. Glide?"

"Oh, in the packet, sir, going to Ireland along with *him*. Oh, sir! Mr. Middleton, sir—if ever there was a wicked, deceitful man in the world, it's *him*. I wouldn't 'a believed it possible that anybody could be so bad. The *stye*st, *deceit*fullest, *wicked*est, *crue*llest,

hard-heartedest man he is, as ever stepped in shoe leather. It was the worst day's work that poor thing ever did to come across him; and she knows it now; and I'm sorry to my heart for her, for all I don't like her, and never did."

With many apostrophes, and many parentheses interspersed, Mr. Middleton at length extorted something like the following narrative:—

They had left Inglebrook in a clandestine manner, because Mr. Glide had assured Rosabella that if they were not married at once he must return to Ireland, and probably—as he gave her to understand—remain there; since, if she did not love him enough to trust him, he assured her that he should not think her worth loving enough to come to fetch a second time. "But then she was bent upon having him," added Jane, "and did not want pressing; though I gave her the best advice; and I said as how shocking it was, and how unhappy it would make old missis, and everything."

"And finished off by going with her?" said Mr. Middleton.

"Why, sir, if you'd 'a heerd what a tongue that man had; how he talked one over, to make black white, I'm sure you'd forgive me," she replied, beginning to cry.

"But what were you wanted for? Couldn't they have run away alone?"

"Oh, you see, sir, I had to carry all Miss Rosa's things to the station, and a pretty load I took; and all the plate as I could find; and that was why I pretended to help Robins to clean it the day before we went—and all her jewels, and everything I could lay hands on, he told me to bring, because, he said, we should want a many things abroad, and he shouldn't have any money but what Miss Rosy could find, till he got his rents from Ireland; so I carried off all as was worth of Miss Rosa's, and a nice lot of things it was, and we had to pack the night before, and sat up all night in her room, and pretty tired I was when we started, and going twice to the station with the things, and so afraid of any one's seeing me. If the girls hadn't been so busy with Mrs. Britton's children being there, and seeing who could tend to them first, I should 'a been seen, sure enough; but I wasn't—worse luck!"

She then went on to state that, after visiting one or two places, of which she could not remember the names, except Boulogne, they had gone to London, living in a very obscure part of it, and in the quietest way possible.

"They never had no servant but me, sir, it's true, indeed—for all that false man's saying as I was to be Mrs. Glide's own maid, and have double wages and perkisites, and all manner, when we got to Rath Glide. I'd see him at Jericho afore I'd go to his Rath Glide, I know that,—the deceitful, wicked——!"

"Hush!" said Mr. Middleton; and he drew from her further that Mr. Glide had already thrown off all pretensions to affection, and treated Rosabella with harshness and contempt, exercising a perfect tyranny over her, making her write letters as he dictated, and give him all information with respect to her property.

"She's like a dog to him, sir; and the worse he treats her, the more she leans to him—if she don't worship his footprints! I think she would lay down every shilling this minute, if he only asked her, and she could do it."

"But doesn't his dislike of her make her less fond of him?"

"La, sir, you never see! You know how she used to go on to old missis; well, you wouldn't believe as she was the same. Oh, she's so altered. Why, she come to be quite kind to me—quite free like, and say 'please,' and thank me, and was real sorry when I had toothache so bad; her, as never was known to care for nobody, nor cried a wimp for poor old master, as spoilt her so."

"Then, did she show this kindness of manner from the commencement of your journey?"

"Oh, no; she was as proud as ever; but before two days was up, they had such a turn. I heerd it. It was in the lodging at Boulogne. I was pretty frightened. She cried and pretty nigh raved; but he took no notice of her. I heerd 'em through the keyhole. I don't know what it was about; but he sat as cool as possible with her purse in his hand, and she was flinging about like anything. After that I never see her once like she used to be, but as tame as a robin."

Jane concluded her narrative with the information that, after remaining in obscurity in London ("hardly giving us bread to eat, sir, for all he had such loads of her money; and what he did with it I don't think she knew a bit—pretending there was some reason why we should be so quiet"), Mr. Glide told Rosabella that it was time for her to go to Ireland, and be introduced to his friends, who had disapproved of his marriage, but would receive her, he thought, if they went there. Urging that it would be better to go in good style, he compelled her to demand a large sum of money at once; although so much of her property had already passed through his hands, and "she living like any poor creature in Inglebrook, all the while."

"It went to my heart to refuse to go with them," continued Jane, "for poor Mrs. Glide's sake; for nobody knows what he'll do to her. I'm sure I wouldn't trust him for *anything*; and she looked so pitiful at me. I was sorry to my heart; and he got my luggage on board a purpose to keep me; but, oh dear, sir, the heart died in me at the thought of going to Ireland along with him—base, hodious creetur as he is; and I went on to my kness to my poor young lady only last night, and begged and prayed of her to come along with me and leave him; but *there*, she's that fond of him, and afraid of him, as I think, that he could make her do anything he liked; and she never complained of him, but always said as he'd his reasons for everything, and as he'd be better when they was in Ireland, and as Rath Glide was a beautiful place, and as I should have all her dresses, and share 'em with nobody, if I'd go. Why, if you believe me, sir, she haven't worn but a shabby silk ever since we went. He won't let her dress, he says, till she gets to Ireland; and she believes everything he says, or she pretends to do it."

"And where is Rath Glide?"

"In Ireland."

"Yes; but whereabouts in Ireland?"

"Oh dear, sir, I don't know. I never heerd no more than Rath Glide; but they are gone to Dublin first."

Many additional particulars did Jane give to Mr. Middleton, all tending to show that the worst suspicions respecting Mr. Urban Glide had fallen below the truth, and that he was a villain of the first water.

She was somewhat relieved on hearing that she should not see old Mrs. Clackitt, whose presence she was ashamed to encounter, though she felt sure of her forgiveness; but she knew not where to go, for her parents were dead, and she had no home.

"I will take you to Miss Chuffer," said Mr. Middleton. "She will receive you, I've no doubt; and we must look out for a place for you; meanwhile I would recommend you to give as little work to the Inglebrook gossips as possible. The less you say about the whole thing the better. Mrs. Clackitt and her family and friends are the only persons concerned in the business."

Jane promised everything that was correct. She did not much enjoy the thought of going to Miss Chuffer, for whom, as she "only kept one girl," she had always had something bordering on contempt; but, in her present circumstances, to be received anywhere was no small privilege; and she thanked Mr. Middleton heartily, as she hailed with joy the first road-mark which told that Inglebrook was near at hand.

POMPEII.

BY HOWARD HOPLEY.

ASMODEUS, winging his flight over Madrid, waved his right hand and unroofed all the houses, so that his earth-born master might survey the domestic life within; look into it, in fact, as into a pie whose crust had been broken away. Vesuvius has done much the same thing for Pompeii, only the unroofing has been permanent. People can still survey the life of the Pompeians, and tell what they were doing when the fatal hour struck, seventy years after Christ. Pompeii is a kind of life in death, a fountain frozen in full play, a revel interrupted by the stony glance of Gorgon. For the volcanic Asmodeus caught the unsuspecting citizens in the full swing of their career of pleasure, gave them no warning, but stilled them at once by a soft though overwhelming fall of fine ashes, mingled with stones and a sulphurous rain, which effectually choked the life out of everything, and covered up the city as a fly is preserved in amber. Subsequently, a dress of fertile earth came upon the land, nature blotting out the great scar that she had made.

Pompeii slept for ages undisturbed. Gardens, smiling vineyards, pine-groves, grew above the buried city. The peasant lived where his grandfathers had lived before him, utterly unsuspecting. Spring garlanded the soft earth with her offerings of wild flowers on a grave that was altogether forgotten. Only in comparatively modern times did men find out the secret. Then excavations began. Hidden wonders came to light. And still, until this day, more or less assiduously, prying archæologists have been digging, and not more than half has been disclosed. This paper will treat chiefly of the later excavations.

It is a curious fact, as M. Monnier (to whom the writer is indebted for much of the information given here) shows, that the fortunes of Pompeii since its resurrection have followed exactly the fortunes of Naples. It bloomed more or less into favour as Naples was more or less well governed. When the Bourbons came the works languished. When the

Bourbons went the works revived. Indeed, King Bomba, who was very superstitious, never quite got over a shudder, that the place was "uncanny." He objected to the unrolling of some papyri found there: "For," said he, "there might something turn up to disprove the Bible, and then I should be excommunicated. And then what would become of me?" And it is significant to observe that in the few years of Italian rule more of Pompeii has been unearthed than in the thirty years preceding. Under Victor Emmanuel's administration, two happy provisions were made,—the annual supply of certain funds for excavation, and the appointment of a distinguished antiquary, M. Fiorelli, as director of the works.

M. Fiorelli began operations by reducing old chaos to order. He organised a new system of works and ways. One of his first measures was to vigorously suppress the guide nuisance. Of old the visitor to Pompeii was beset by innumerable parasites of the cicerone genus, who led him whither they listed, told him outrageous fibs, fleeced him at every turn, and finally left him as despoiled as the ruins themselves. M. Fiorelli put his heart into the work. He took up his abode in the ghostly city, built him a house there out of one of the ancient mansions, and established a local museum. He still inhabits this house, and to the museum every *treasure-trove* is brought. His army of excavators works under the supervision of captains and centurions, men of science and taste. Of the precious objects found, some are forwarded to the Naples museum (1,500 have been received there), some kept on the spot, as will be seen. M. Fiorelli's plan of work has been to mark out the lines of buried streets—whose whereabouts he, by some occult means, is able to divine—on the upper earth. Squares and angles and blocks of houses are thus indicated. Then he digs down through the compacted ashes to the old pavement, which he finds where he expected, and so very carefully gets into the houses from the street.

By this means he is often able to save the second stories, by introducing new beams to support stonework where the old beams had been eaten away. Balconies and verandas, too, abutting into the public way, have thus been preserved, recalling somewhat the shape of the eastern lattice. Glass windows were found, much to the confusion of a certain learned author, who had published a quarto of the most profound erudition to show that glass windows were unknown to the ancients.

M. Fiorelli may, in fact, be looked upon as king of Pompeii. And very salutary and successful his reign has been. He is a courteous monarch withal, and affable to inquiring strangers, as the writer of this paper can testify.

An hour's ride skirting the glorious summer Bay of Naples, in the perpetual vision of purple Capri, rising phantom fair out of the sparkling sapphire sea, brings you to the lower vine-clad slopes of Vesuvius. Having passed Resina, a village built above the still buried Herculaneum, you pull up at what—*proh pudor!*—is most suspiciously like a vulgar suburban Tea-garden. "Pay here," is conspicuous in white letters on a green ground. Strange! you deem it, that the gates to the city of Doom should be through a turnstile. A dapper box-keeper, through a little hole in a gaily-painted box, politely receives your two francs entrance fee. You turn the wicket and pass in. Thereupon you are at once given in charge of a registered guide in uniform (a

joyful-looking fellow ours was), who will on pressure jink glasses with you over a cup of Falernian in the little cabaret hard by, but is invincible to further bribes.

A moment more, and all recollection of the cockney spectre of the threshold vanishes. Those flaunting, mirth-promising portals were delusive as the bloom on Dead Sea fruit. You have, in very truth, passed into a city of the dead. Its influence subdues you. You walk the ancient streets. The houses are there on either hand more or less perfect; the doors open. A resuscitated Pompeian by your side might lead you down familiar byways and alleys, and point out to you the very dinner table where he and his wife last sat at meat, in their long-lost home. The flags of the pavement are undisturbed as in Cheapside. And the fretting of carriage wheels on the curb of either footway, right and left, is as manifest as marks of toil on a labourer's hand.

When you have traversed the street that separates the Basilica from the Temple of Venus, you come to an open space. The silence of the once busy Forum absorbs you. Silence! Yes, that is the visitor's first impression when he gets entangled in this nest of deserted hearths and homes. Cry aloud, "Where are the inhabitants?" and a dozen echoes from pillar, wall, and hollow chamber answer back the call. And in the midst of this startling loneliness, you feel inclined to whisper your speech as in a church. Here was the market-place, the exchange of Pompeii. How still are now the arcades under which men walked, or speculated, or gossiped! Here are the steps to the Temple, where children lolled in the sun, or where philosophers gathered select knots of listeners around them, or orator or poet held forth to admiring friends, as St. Paul, after the then prevailing fashion, to the Athenians on Mars' Hill. Victims are wanting in the stately temple of the Pompeii Forum, and priests to slay them. But the altar is there all ready, and the cloistered Naos stands invitingly open for worshippers that never more will come.

The excavators were at work not very far from here when I visited Pompeii a few years back. We went down the street of the goldsmiths, and turning through some freshly uncovered alleys, came all suddenly upon quite a mob of people at work on a higher bank of virgin ground. Startling, indeed, was the contrast—a translation from death to life, from gloomy Tartarus to the fresh fields of Enna that Prosperpine loved so well. Hundreds were at work. The trees and vegetation had been cleared from the surface, and men with picks and spades were vigorously shovelling out the earth. A great hill was being formed of the scoræ and ashes thrown up. To this troops of young girls came, carrying it away on their heads in baskets. It was quite an idyllic scene. Nothing could be more lively than this complement of picturesque, black-eyed, sunny-cheeked little workwomen scampering barefooted up to fill their *paniers*, which a man with a single hoist settled on the head of each; then trotting off in incessant line to the waggon which carried off the stuff. It was a procession of Canephoras—in gaily-dyed petticoats fluttering through a Virgilian landscape. There was Vesuvius smoking for a background, the broad sweep of blue waters beneath, hugged in the embrace of that lovely olive and vine coasted bay, Baie—where Hadrian died—to the north, hiding the gloomy hollow of Avernus, and the

Elysian Fields beyond, and rounding on to the little fishing seaport of Puteoli, where St. Paul landed. Puteoli now is an unpretentious village, standing out with its picturesque belfry into the sea before Ischia, and looking far away over the blue waters towards the sweet orange-gardens of Sorrento on the southern horn. Finally, the sun of the ancient Parthenope brooding and twinkling and shimmering as of old over all in all the colourings of Fairyland.

When the excavators get down to the houses they proceed more carefully. Adepts crumble the earth in their hands to find antiques. They clean out the ashes with great precaution from the hollows of chamber or court, so that the walls do not suffer. One advantage of such care is, that objects are found exactly as they were left in the hurry and confusion of the escape. Most houses can be recognised for what they were, whether by inscription on wall or porch or from the nature of the objects disinterred. Thus there are private mansions, taverns, shops of every class, found. Wall-paintings, sometimes of great excellence, crop up. The diggers had just then uncovered one whose colours would vie with an Academy picture for freshness—Bacchus and Ariadne: Bacchus, a brown-faced youth cinctured with vine-leaves, pensively admiring a sleeping girl on a bank, with fair locks and diaphanous drapery. The picture was a masterpiece for colour and form. It covered one side of the dining room opposite the *lecti*, so that people must have looked at it all dinner-time. Chambers were as commonly frescoed at Pompeii as papered with us. In the garden of this house—most houses had a little cloistered garden in their midst, in some it was hardly bigger than a doll's garden—the workmen showed us holes where trees had grown, and the little marble fountain which once played merrily in the middle of a flower-bed, and the leaden pipe of supply.

One house adjacent had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which Spring cleanings and other like inflictions inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig! all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1,700 years! They have been cooking ever since the 23rd of November, A.D. 79. Mr. Fiorelli has them now, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.

Among a host of different objects found and delivered up to Mr. Fiorelli, these are a few: Iron clumps to sole shoes, very similar to what are now used by the Calabrian peasantry; stoves and portable kitchens, some with double iron doors; nuts, walnuts, sardines (mummified), olives, onions, lentils; various utensils, cups, jugs, in glass and terracotta; leaden weights, cups and saucers, phials,

etc.; tickets for the theatre, scissors, fish-hooks, and other instruments; hammers, pincers, axes, spades, sickles, locks and keys, buckles, pots of paint, marbles, chairs, garden seats in bronze for two or three people, etc., etc. Of the things of value forwarded by order to Naples:—A magnificent bronze helmet, covered with fine sculpture, that would try the patience of a Homer to describe; surgical instruments, scales; cooking ranges, with pots and saucepans all complete; pastry moulds, a rich collection of cups, tripod lamps, ewers, braziers' furnaces. Some of these latter are elegant works of art. There is a stove which contains a bronze boiler and a gridiron with hollow bars for water to temper the heat. The whole arrangement stands on four lion's feet, has two magnificent sculptured handles to lift it by, representing fighting gladiators, and a lid crowned with a child riding on a dolphin. It is fit to be put in any drawing room. As for small bronzes, rings, fibulæ, ear-rings, candelabra, they are without number. Then there is a lamp in solid gold, weighing twenty-four ounces (enough of itself to start a collection); statuettes in silver; a wild boar, sculptured; bronze serpents in convolutions and twistings that end in fountains; a cup with several hundred pieces of gold money; a ludicrous statue of a child, frightened by a frog that has got between his legs, spouting up water (used for a fountain—how seldom we get anything original in device for a fountain!), a Venus Anadyomene—all these, besides monsters in bronze that would puzzle a zoologist and drive Mr. Darwin mad—antediluvian beasts, dogs, monkeys, etc., etc.

Let us now take a random walk through the streets latterly unearthed. The southern sun shines in at open doors, through broken roofs, on walls, with all the seeming ardour of an old friend come back from an absence of many a long year. Everything is now pitilessly bright in these roofless dwellings. The secrets of every chamber are revealed; and your eyes are blinded with the glare of whitewash and frescoed wall. We will not tarry long to minutely examine things, nor stay to look in at every door. Indeed, some houses on our road are not yet cleared out. Others are temporarily propped up by beams slanting across the street, so that our way on the pavement is hindered. The carriage road between the two footpaths is of smooth flags, irregular in shape, deftly fitted, like stones in a church tower. Modern Florence is so paved. We turn a corner and are startled by the figure of a dead man lying inside a doorway. He lies there just as he fell. They have preserved his attitude exactly, by a process we will presently point out. In the hurry of the pitiless storm he had sought refuge from the street, just as a Londoner caught in a rain shower stays in a porch for shelter. But he never crossed the threshold again, and you can even now see how death grappled with him there, and threw him, struggling and fighting for dear life.

Here is a baker's shop standing open. A great arched oven in brick at one end, with fireplace and flues still perfect. You could bake bread there still. Many loaves were taken out, all black and hard with centuries of baking. We handled one at the museum. It is round like a cake, and marked with a star and the baker's sign. This baker must have been a thriving man, to judge by his doorstep, which is worn half away by the tread of customers. Several mills for

grinding corn stand in the shop—cones of gritstone, convex and concave, turning one upon another by a crossbar shot into a square hole, capstan fashion. The working may be better understood, perhaps, if you imagine the grinding of one funnel within another, the grain passing down the interspaces.

This baker had a fuller for his neighbour. We visit the house. There are pictures of the process of fulling on the walls. Our guide tells us that when the ashes and other rubbish was cleared out of this shop, the excavators came upon a number of customers' accounts scored upon the wall. "There they are," says the cicerone. "Your excellencies can doubtless read Latin. But the poor man was never paid." The fuller's hands were too soiled with his messes, I suppose, to enter the transaction in his ledger—if he kept such a thing.

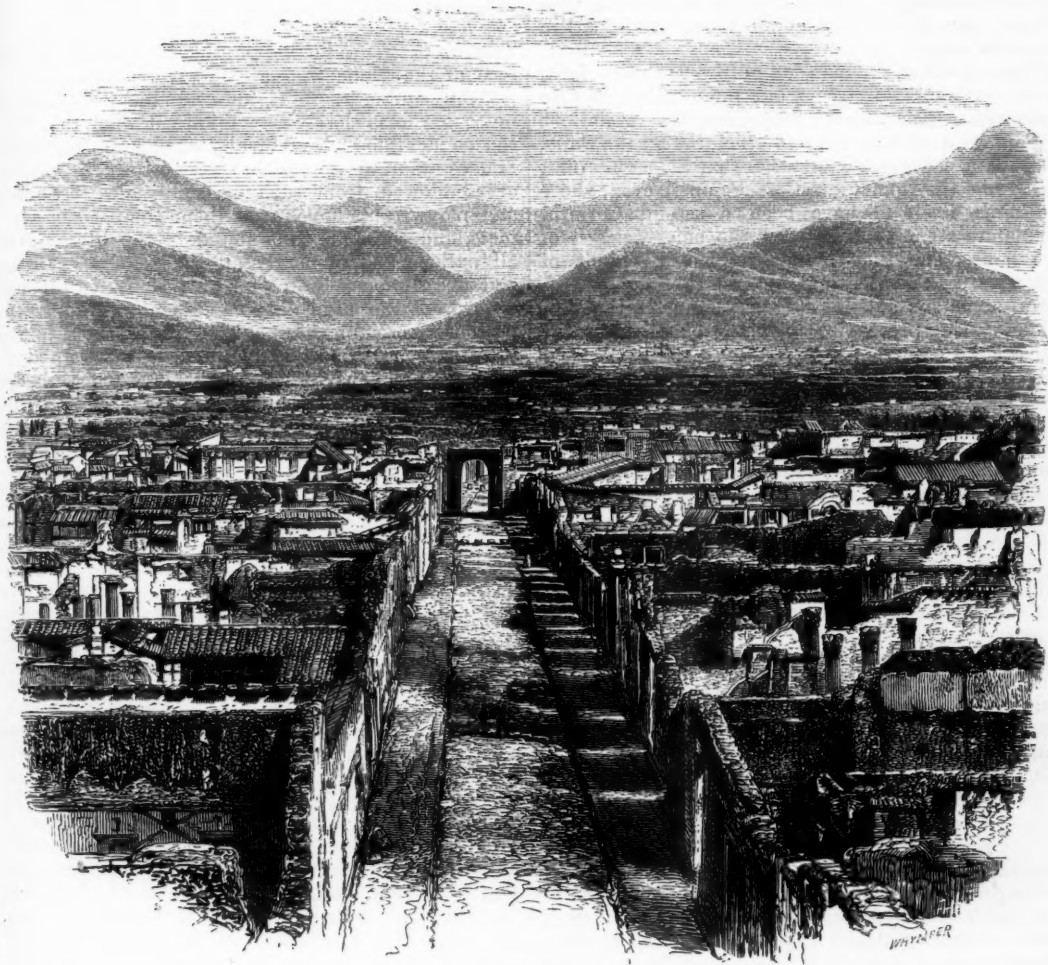
A more pretentious tradesman was the leather-cutter, not far off, to whose door we next bent our steps. Within was the very table (gashed with knife marks) upon which the man last cut his strands of leather. His name is written on the shop, also his trade and previous profession. He had been a soldier in the 9th Cohort, and when discharged, it seems he took to leather-cutting.

Pompeii, like certain modern cities, possessed a glut of public-houses. I believe there were generally two or three in a street. But like the Neapolitan tipplers of to-day, who take their ease at their inn, make a great hubbub and jingling of glasses, play at *mora* and draughts, but seldom get downright drunk—so the roysterous Pompeians probably kept themselves well in bounds in their osterias. The wines of Vesuvius are delicate in flavour rather than heating. And perhaps in virtue of that most lovely climate which makes an Eden of surrounding nature, and where mere existence is a delight, the temptation to drunkenness does not stir so strongly as with the inhabitant of the misty north. But here we come to a Pompeian inn. It is the sign of the "Elephant." We stay at the door. Many a knot of evening revellers have doubtless gathered and gossiped and gambled away the twilight hours at this porch in full view of the vine-clad slopes of treacherous Vesuvius, whose cone we now see so tranquilly smoking in the clear, bright blue of the sky. On the wall before us, in lieu of a signboard, a big elephant is painted. Beneath there are the words, *Sittius has established the Elephant. Osteria. Triclinium, with three beds. Every comfort.* We enter this guestless inn. And there, in fact, we find the Triclinium, or dining chamber, the dining table, and the three divans for the convives. As for the "comfort," Pompeians, in common with the modern Neapolitans, were apparently not very exacting. It is a common-looking place. M. Fiorelli, who seems to know the names and parentage of all his ghostly citizens, says that Sittius, the publican, was grandson of him who fought under Cæsar in Africa. Hence the elephant for a signboard.

The house of Siricus, a little lower down in the same street, is curious. His name is written up in two places—in a chamber, and in red letters over the door. What was he? Nobody knows. A merchant, perhaps, or tradesman. On the threshold is conspicuously displayed the words, *SALVE LUCRUM. (Welcome gain.)* The man frankly acknowledged to the world that his house was a trap for filthy lucre. He was a bit of a dandy, nevertheless, and his chambers were well appointed.

In one of them the excavators found a skeleton of a pet dog. The house had a nice garden—a garden enclosed. You get to it from the atrium through a little corridor, where the columns that once supported a trellis of vines are still standing. There were

monsters, wandering through mazy zones of colour—the work afterwards known as *Raphaelesque*. Raphael painted the arcades of the Vatican Loggia in a like manner. And the style (Pompeii being then undiscovered) at once startled the world of



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

From a Photograph.

tortoises running about among the flower beds. And the skeleton of a pet goat found there, having a little bell tied round its neck, suggests gentle thoughts of the Pompeian womankind, who, for the most part, lived in these cloistered gardens with their pets and embroidery, and tended them all the long summer days. Children played there. The maidens of the family sought by cunning arrangement of flowers and rockery and fountains to create a little imitative Eden of groves and waterfalls. It was a bower for elegant idleness, a retreat and grateful shelter from the noontide heat. The windows and doors of sleeping chambers opening on to this garden are bordered with complicated decoration. Designs in black, yellow, vermillion. Intricate traceries and convolutions of flowers, festoons, birds, little doves, dolphins, tritons, Bacchantes,

taste as being something quite new in art, strange exceedingly. It was found, however, that similar fanciful picturings had embellished the ceilings of Nero's golden house then in ruins at the foot of the Celian Hill. Raphael in burrowing and searching through the tyrant's ancient halls had lighted upon them. His genius at once took the idea and enlarged upon it. In one of the chambers of this Pompeian dwelling are several illustrations from the *Æneid*. The *Æneid* of course was new then. The *dilettante* master of the house would naturally be among the first to have it done in painting. There is Venus on Mount Ida hidden from the profane world below by a rosy veil which floats about her like the vapour of morn. Also there is a fine picture of the girl beloved of Turnus betrothed to him in marriage. In the kitchen a sacrifice to the

gods is painted. Religion is banished to the servants' hall; the cook only has the advantage of being reminded of his duty to the gods. Among other things found was a bronze statue of marvellous beauty. It is the figure, about two feet high, of a youth standing in an easy, graceful attitude, apparently listening. His locks are bound up with a myrtle wreath, and altogether the statuette is considered one of the most admirable works of art in existence.

Turning out of the mansion of Siricus to the right, at the angle of two streets, our guide takes us into a common lodging-house, where curious revelations of Pompeian profligate life are pictured on the walls. There is a sad commentary here on St. Paul's first chapter in the Roman epistle. Pompeii everywhere proclaims itself to have been a second Corinth. Gladiators seem to have been the chief *habitués* of this house, and they have scribbled all kinds of epigrams and *double entendres* on the stucco. A potful of onions and lentils was found on the fire, evidently in process of being coked when the catastrophe occurred.

It was somewhere near here that the workmen came accidentally upon a spring of fresh water. A hazard stroke of the pick unsealed a fountain, from which the imprisoned waters immediately gushed up, bubbling and sparkling, to the surprise of all. Limpid and crystal clear was the spring after its sleep of ages. It had been touched into life as by a fairy's wand. And so inviting did the waters look—our guide said—that certain thirsty souls began imprudently to drink. The cup went round amid boisterous glee. But unfortunately it wrought, we were told, to the subsequent great inconvenience of all the tipplers. Some of this water from the ancient spring was bottled up like a choice vintage, and sent to the King of Italy, the Pope, and other great and mighty personages. History does not say if they also drank.

Our garrulous guide leads us into another house. To judge from appearances, this was a dyer's shop. Materials and dyes were found in the back place. Its chief interest, however, is in the shutters. The shop shutters were up at the time of eruption. And although, like other woodwork in the city, they have mouldered away, yet their exact impress remained in the ashes that hardened about them. Mr. Fiorelli, from the mould thus given, has modelled a perfect copy of these shutters. There were nine. The edge of each overlapped its fellow and slid into a ledge or groove nearly level with the street. This groove is there still. I believe many London shops are still closed after this identical fashion. In the central shutter a small door was made, closed with lock and key. This was for the dyer to let himself in and out after he had shut up shop. He couldn't have been a very fat man, or he would have stuck fast. The probabilities are that he did not live at the shop, for there is a private entrance to the house behind.

Oddly enough, a slit was found in this door, something corresponding to our modern letter slits. It may have been the prototype of our letter-boxes (who knows?—the sun sees nothing new), or to peep through like a wicket, or to introduce articles to be dyed when the master was from home. Seneca speaks of a Pythagorean who, finding the shop of his bootmaker closed, because the man was dead, pushed in the four *denarii* that he owed for repairing boots,

through an aperture in his door. He would not be in debt to a dead man. Possibly this *claustrum* of Seneca's might correspond to the slit in our Pompeian dyer's house.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IV.

THOUGH there are no two persons to be found on the face of the globe who are in all outward respects perfectly alike, there is, unfortunately, no lack of persons who so closely resemble each other that they can be identified with difficulty when seen separately. It does not at all appear that any desirable result has ever followed from such verisimilitude; fictionists and playwrights have made them the basis of their plots, and there are to be found in the literature of all nations and of nearly all times representations and descriptions, grotesque or serious, comic and absurd, of the perplexities and embroglios due to personal resemblances. The records of justice furnish scenes almost as numerous of a tragic kind, no way analogous to fiction, but invested with the terrors of grimmest reality, in which, through the founding of circumstantial testimony upon the basis of mistaken identity, the innocent have had to suffer in place of the guilty.

An instance of this kind is afforded by the case of Thomas Geddely. This unfortunate man was a waiter in a public-house kept by a Mrs. Williams at York, and much frequented. The landlady was a bustling woman, a favourite with her customers, and had the reputation of being well-to-do. One morning it was found that her scrutoire had been broken open and rifled of a considerable sum; and as on that same morning Thomas Geddely did not make his appearance, everybody concluded that he was the robber. A year afterwards, or thereabouts, a man came to York who, under the name of James Crow, plied for employment as a porter, and thus picked up a scanty living for a few days. Meanwhile, from his unlucky likeness to Geddely he began to be mistaken for the thief. Many people addressed him as Tom Geddely, and when he declared that he did not know them, that his name was James Crow, and that he had never lived in York before, they would not believe him, and attributed his denial to his natural desire to escape the consequences of the robbery he had committed at the public-house.

When subsequently his mistress was sent for, she singled him out from a number of people, and calling him Geddely, upbraided him with his ingratitude, and charged him with robbing her. When dragged before the justice of the peace, and examined in his presence, the man affirmed, as stoutly as any man could, that his name was not Geddely, that he had never known any person of that name, that he had never in his life lived in York before, and that his name was James Crow. He could not, however, get any one else to substantiate his affirmations; he could give but a poor account of himself, but was forced to admit that he led a vagabond life—and as the landlady and others swore positively to his person, he was committed to gaol at York Castle to await his trial at the next assizes. When, in due time, the trial came on he pleaded "Not Guilty," and denied as before that he was the person he was taken for; but the landlady of the inn and several other witnesses swore positively that he was the identical Thomas Geddely

who was waiter when she was robbed; while a servant-girl deposed that she had seen him on the very morning of the robbery in the room where the *scrutoire* was broken open, with a poker in his hand. As the prisoner had nothing to urge against the evidence but a simple denial, and as he could not prove an *alibi*, he was found guilty of the robbery, was condemned to death, and executed. He persisted to his latest breath in affirming that he was not Thomas Geddely, and that his name was Crow. The truth of the poor fellow's declaration was established all too late. Not long after Crow's unjust punishment, the real Thomas Geddely, who, after the robbery, had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin for a crime of the same stamp, and there condemned and executed. Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddely who had committed the robbery at York for which the unfortunate James Crow had suffered. A gentleman, a native of York, who happened to be at Dublin at the time of Geddely's trial and execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs. Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so remarkable that it was next to impossible to distinguish their persons asunder.

One of the most lamentable cases of mistaken identity was that of Lesurques, the history of which may be summed up as follows. In the month of April, 1796, a young man named Joseph Lesurques arrived in Paris from Douai, his native town. He was thirty-three years of age, and possessed a fortune equal to £600 a year. He hired apartments, and made preparations for residing permanently in Paris. One of his first cares was to repay one Guesno, of Douai, 2,000 francs he had borrowed of him. On the following day Guesno invited Lesurques to breakfast. They accordingly went to a refreshment room, in company with two other persons, one of whom, named Couriol, happened to call just as they were sitting down to table. After breakfast they proceeded to the Palais Royal, and having taken coffee, separated. Four days afterwards, four horsemen, mounted on hired horses, were seen to ride out of Paris. They all wore long cloaks and sabres hanging from the waist. One of the party was Couriol. Between twelve and one o'clock the four horsemen arrived at the village of Mongeron, on the road to Melun. There they dined, and then proceeded at a foot pace towards Lieursaint. They reached Lieursaint about three in the afternoon, and made a long halt at the inn, amusing themselves with billiards, and one of them having his horse shod. At half-past seven they remounted and rode off towards Melun. About an hour later the mail courier from Paris to Lyons arrived to change horses. It was then half-past eight, and the night had been for some time dark. The courier, having changed horses, set out to pass the long forest of Leuart. The mail at this period was a sort of post-chaise, with a large trunk behind containing the despatches. There was one place only open to the public, at the side of the courier; and the place was occupied on that day by a man about thirty years of age, who had that morning taken it in the name of Laborde.

The next morning the mail was found rifled, the courier dead in his seat, and the postilion lying dead in the road—both being evidently slain with sabres. One horse only was found near the carriage. The

mail had been robbed of 75,000 livres in silver and bank bills. The officers of justice soon discovered that five persons had passed through the barrier on their way to Paris between four and five in the morning after the murders. The horse of the postilion was found wandering about the Place Royale; and they ascertained that four horses, covered with foam and quite exhausted, had been brought, about five in the morning, to a man named Muiron, Rue des Fosses, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, by two persons who had hired them the day before. These two persons were named Bernard and Couriol. Bernard was immediately arrested; Couriol escaped. A description was obtained of the four who had ridden from Paris and stopped at Mongeron and Lieursaint, and also of the man who had taken his place with the courier under the name of Laborde. Couriol was traced to Chateau Thierry, where he was arrested, together with Guesno, the Douai carrier, and one Bruer, who happened to be in the same house. Guesno and Bruer proved *alibis* so clearly that they were discharged on arriving at Paris.

The magistrate, after discharging Guesno, told him to apply at his office the next morning for the return of his papers, which had been seized at Chateau Thierry; at the same time he had sent a police-officer to Mongeron and Lieursaint to fetch the witnesses, of whom he gave a list. Guesno, being desirous to obtain his papers as soon as possible, left home the next day earlier than usual. On his way to the office he met Lesurques, who consented to accompany him. They went to the office, and as Daubenton, the Juge-de-Paix, had not yet arrived, they sat down in the antechamber to wait his arrival. About two o'clock the Juge-de-Paix, who had entered his room by a back door, was thunderstruck on being told by the police-officer who had come back with the witnesses, that two of them declared that two of the actual murderers were in the house. "Impossible!" he exclaimed, "guilty men would not voluntarily venture here." Not believing the statement, he ordered the two women to be introduced separately; and examined each of them, when they repeated their statement and declared they could not be mistaken. Warning them solemnly that life and death depended on their truth, he had the accused brought into the room one by one, and after conversing with them sent them again to the antechamber, where they waited as before. When they had left the room the magistrate again asked the women if they persisted in their previous declarations. They did persist; their evidence was taken down in writing; and the two friends were immediately arrested. No time was lost in pushing on the prosecution. Seven persons were put upon their trial, amongst whom were Couriol, Madeline Breban (his mistress), Lesurques, and Guesno. Lesurques was sworn to most positively by several, as being one of the party, at different places on the road, on the day of the robbery and murder. It should be borne in mind that the case was quite conclusive against Couriol. "I attended them (said one witness) at dinner at Mongeron; this one (Lesurques) wanted to pay the bill in assignats, but the tall, dark one (Couriol) paid it in silver." A stable-boy at Mongeron also identified him. A woman named Alfroy, of Lieursaint, and the innkeeper and his wife of the same place, all recognised him as of the party there—Lesurques declaring that he had never been present at either place. But the witnesses were positive, were unimpeached, were believed, and—were

all mistaken. Lesurques and Couriol were convicted. Guesno, though as positively sworn to, proved his perfect innocence, and was acquitted. Lesurques called fifteen persons of known probity to prove an *alibi*, which was disbelieved in consequence of the folly of one of them, who falsified an entry in his book with the design of adding weight to the evidence in Lesurques's favour, but did it so clumsily that the falsification was discovered. Eighty persons of all classes declared the character of Lesurques to be irreproachable; but all was of no avail—he was condemned.

When the sentence was pronounced, rising from his place, he calmly said—"I am innocent of the crime imputed to me. Ah, citizens! if murder on the highway be atrocious, it is not less a crime to execute an innocent man." Madeline Breban, though compromising herself, wildly exclaimed—"Lesurques is innocent—he is the victim of his fatal likeness to Dubosq." Couriol then, addressing the judges, said—"I am guilty; I acknowledge my crime; my accomplices were Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosq; but Lesurques is innocent." After the sentence had been pronounced, the horror-stricken Madeline again presented herself before the judges to reiterate her declaration, and two other witnesses attested to her having told them so before the trial. The judges applied to the Directory for a reprieve; and the Directory applied to the Council of the Five-hundred, requesting instructions for their future guidance, and concluding with the emphatic question—"Ought Lesurques to die on the scaffold because he resembles a criminal?" The answer was prompt: "The jury had legally sentenced the accused, and the right of pardon had been abolished." Left to his fate, poor Lesurques on the morning of his execution thus wrote to his wife:—"My dear friend, we cannot avoid our fate. I shall, at any rate, endure mine with the courage which becomes a man. I send some locks of my hair. When my children are older, divide it with them. It is the only thing that I can leave them." Couriol had disclosed to Lesurques the history of Dubosq, and the fatal mistake which had been made, and accordingly on the eve of his death, he had the following mournful letter inserted in the journals: "Man, in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life; if you be ever brought to justice, think of my three children covered with shame, and of their mother's despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes of so fatal a resemblance."

On the 10th of March, 1797, Lesurques went to the place of execution dressed completely in white, as a symbol of his innocence. On the way from the prison to the place of execution, Couriol, who was seated in the car beside him, cried in a loud voice, addressing the people, "I am guilty; but Lesurques is innocent." On reaching the scaffold, Lesurques gave himself up to the executioners, and died protesting his innocence.

In consequence of his own misgivings, and of murmurs on the part of the public, Daubenton, the Juge-de-Paix, who had arrested Lesurques, and conducted the first proceedings, resolved to investigate the truth, which could only be satisfactorily done through the arrest and trial of the four persons denounced by Couriol as his accomplices. Two years elapsed in vain inquiries. At the end of that time he discovered that Durochat—the man who, under the name of Laborde, had taken the place by the side of the courier—had been arrested for a

robbery, and lodged in St. Pelagie. When the trial of the villain came on, he was, through the exertions of Daubenton, recognised by the inspector of the mails as the man who had travelled with the courier on the day of the assassination. When charged with the fact, he made at first some faint denials, and subsequently he confessed, relating the particulars of the crime, all which tallied with the statements made by Couriol. He stated that Vidal had projected the affair, and had communicated it to him at a restaurant in the Champs Elysées. The criminals were Couriol, Rossi (*alias* Beroldy), Vidal, himself, and Dubosq. Dubosq had forged for him the passport in the name of Laborde, by means of which he easily procured another for Lyons, to enable him to take his place in the mail. Bernard had supplied the four horses. They had attacked the carriage as the postilion was slackening his pace to ascend the hill. It was he (Durochat) who had stabbed the courier, at the instant that Rossi cut down the postilion with a sabre; Rossi had then given up his horse to him (Durochat), and had returned to Paris on that of the postilion. As soon as they arrived there, they all met at Dubosq's lodgings, where they proceeded to divide the booty. Bernard, who had only procured the horses, was there, and claimed his share, and got it. "I have heard," he added, "that there was a fellow named Lesurques condemned for this business; but, to tell the truth, I never knew the fellow, either at the planning of the affair, or at its execution, or at the division of the spoil." Such was Durochat's confession as taken down in writing; he added a description of Dubosq, stating that on the day of the murder he wore a blonde wig.

Shortly after the arrest of Durochat, Vidal was also arrested. He was recognised by the witnesses and positively sworn to, but he denied everything, and was sent to the prison of La Seine. Towards the end of the year 1799, Dubosq, having been arrested for a robbery in the department of Allier, was recognised in the prison, and brought to Versailles to be tried at the same time as Vidal before the criminal tribunal. It was seen by the registers that Dubosq was a thorough desperado; he had been sentenced to the galleys for life, but had escaped, and on four several occasions had broken prison. Like Vidal, he denied everything. Confined in the same cell with his old companion in guilt, Dubosq planned an escape; but this time he broke his leg in the attempt—Vidal alone getting clear away—to be retaken, however, after a brief interval, to be brought back to trial—and to execution.

Strange as it may seem, Dubosq had no sooner recovered from his fracture than he found another opportunity of attempting an escape, and for the sixth time succeeded in breaking his bonds. As he could not live without rapine, however, he fell again into the hands of the police before the expiration of a year, and was brought before the tribunal at Versailles. The president ordered a blonde wig to be put on his head, and thus attired, he was recognised by the same witnesses who had sworn away the life of Lesurques, who now recanted their former testimony, and declared too late that they had been mistaken.

After the execution of Dubosq, in February, 1802, there still remained one of the accomplices to be brought to justice. This man, Rossi, whose real name was Beroldy, was at length discovered near Madrid, and was given up to the French govern-

ment. Unlike Vidal and Dubosq, he confessed his crimes, testifying the utmost remorse. In the declaration, which he confided to his confessor, he affirmed the entire innocence of Lesurques; but, for a reason which does not appear, made it a condition that the declaration should not be published until six months after his death.

According to law, the property of Lesurques had been confiscated on his conviction, and his widow and children reduced to indigence. One would have thought that a government which had erred so egregiously as to execute a man for a crime of which he was not guilty, would have been eager to make what atonement was possible to the family of the victim. Nothing of the sort. The widow and her advisers, relying on the confessions of the real criminals, and the retractions of the witnesses, applied for a revision of the sentence, so far as concerned Lesurques, in order to obtain a judicial declaration of his innocence and the restoration of his property. All their endeavours were vain. The right of revision no longer existed in the French code. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Restoration, the applications of the widow and family were equally unsuccessful. All that they could obtain was the restoration, in the last two years of the elder Bourbons, of a part of the property sequestered at the condemnation of the unoffending husband and father. The widow of Lesurques died in 1842, leaving a son and daughter whom she charged with her dying breath still to labour on for the establishment of their father's innocence

LAMBETH LIBRARY.

AMONG the popular errors of the Londoners may be reckoned the almost universal belief that the handsome and cheerful brick erection, standing so picturesquely on the river front of Lambeth Palace, between the massive gateway and the grim Lollards' Tower, is the chapel in which the archbishops have for centuries been consecrated. Not improbably the reader shares in this belief, and may even have pointed out the building in question to country cousins and unsuspecting tourists, as the chapel. In point of fact, however, it is the great hall of the Palace, long used for that noble hospitality for which Lambeth was famous, and now appropriated to the reception of the library. It was erected by Archbishop Juxon, shortly after the Restoration, on the site of the hall where Cranmer had once entertained the learned and pious divines of every reformed country; where Pole, and Parker, and Abbott, and Bancroft feasted their friends; where Laud often sat in trembling debate upon the dangers that threatened him; and where, during the Commonwealth, excesses were witnessed, which were a disgrace to those that perpetrated them. Now all is peace: the noise of strife and the fumes of feasting are gone. The library is a delightful resort, reminding one of some quiet college library; a pleasant aristocratic-looking hall, fitted up in the good old-fashioned style, with substantial book-presses running out from either wall towards the centre of the room, and enclosing on three sides a peaceful nook where the scholar can pursue his researches undisturbed. No library in London affords such abundant facilities for the calm prosecution of study. There is nothing to interrupt

the silence except the Westminster chimes booming grandly across the river, and the clock of the neighbouring parish church striking the hours. There is no crowding of readers, no bustling about of librarians, none of the unpleasant accessories which make a day in the British Museum a tax upon the patience of the student; no tedious waiting half an hour before receiving your books, no difficulty in finding a seat, no laborious dragging of bulky folios to your far-distant bench, no suffocating sensation of over-heated air, no musty smells of old leather and kamptulicon, no racking of the nerves by that furious sneezing, heard only in the Museum, and echoing round the magnificent dome like a discharge of musketry, no annoyance from restless neighbours, no mortifying discovery that the books which you have come to consult have been already appropriated by some of those idle would-be readers who sit half asleep in their chairs with a score of volumes piled around them. From all these provoking disagreeables Lambeth is entirely exempt: all is comfort and peace. Some few studious clergymen or literary antiquarians are the sole readers. The present writer has not unfrequently had the whole delightful room to himself for hours. The librarian, Mr. Kershaw, is courtesy itself; and, in short, the man who cannot study with profit at Lambeth, should abjure books and cease to call himself a student.

The collection of books is not very numerous, not amounting to more than thirty thousand volumes, and they can hardly be said to be of much interest to the mere general reader. They consist mainly, as might be expected, of old theological treatises, early editions of the Fathers, bulky commentaries, and other grave folios, which the modern reader almost shudders to touch, and many of which are, indeed, of little more use now-a-days than the sham book-backs with which the upholsterer fills up the empty shelves of some pretentious library. There are also several old editions of the Bible, various curious works in history, and forgotten books of travel by the early adventurers of the Elizabethan era, the prototypes of our modern Franklins and Livingstones. Pamphlets on many subjects, though chiefly, of course, ecclesiastical, and sermons, abound in the library; and the top shelves are filled with a goodly array of those neatly-printed tiny volumes from the presses of Elzevir and Maire, which used to be the envy of collectors, but which, in this new-fangled age, are looked upon as mere old-fashioned rubbish.

In addition to the printed books there is in Lambeth an extremely valuable collection of MSS., indispensable to the ecclesiastical historian. The registers of the archbishops from Archbishop Peckham, in the reign of Edward Longshanks, down to the middle of last century, are preserved here, along with many other official records of the see, and numerous miscellaneous manuscripts, including, amongst others, a beautiful copy of the earliest translation of Virgil into English, or rather Scotch, verse, by Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. From what has been said it will be apparent that the library is not for show, but for use. It has few treasures to attract the mere casual reader; and when the librarian has shown a few of the beautifully-illuminated MSS., and especially Earl Rivers's compilation of "Notable Wise Sayings of Philosophers," which is interesting to all Englishmen as containing the portrait of Caxton, the earliest English

printer, the magnificent Speed's "History of Great Britain," with its gorgeous illustrations, and the copy of one of Calvin's works, presented by the city of Zurich to Archbishop Parker, and richly bound in gold-spangled velvet, he has pretty nearly exhausted the stock of treasures likely to please the mere sight-seer. It is only to the student the library is of value, and the courtesy of the present archbishop readily permits access to any one who can really give a good reason for requesting it.

The library was founded by Archbishop Bancroft in the reign of James I. He was a "great gatherer together of books," and he bequeathed his library to his successors in the see, on the condition that it was to be properly cared for, and never alienated from the archbishopric; if alienated, then it was to go to Chelsea College or Cambridge University. Abbott, his successor, added to the collection, and Laud made still further additions; but after his execution the library was seized by parliament, and ran an imminent risk of being totally dispersed. To rescue it, if possible, from total ruin, Selden recommended the University of Cambridge to claim the books, in accordance with Bancroft's will; and Cromwell, who had a pleasant recollection of his *alma mater*, granted the request, not, however, before many of the volumes had been lost in private hands, Hugh Peters, Thurloe, and others having come into possession of them. In Cambridge the remnants of Bancroft's bequest remained till the Restoration replaced the archbishops in Lambeth, and Juxon and Sheldon, both zealous patrons of learning, who liberally spent their revenues in repairing the dilapidations of the previous sixteen years of trouble, reclaimed the books from Cambridge, and added to their number largely from their own collections. Subsequent archbishops have not been so conspicuous in their extension of the library, but it has steadily, if slowly, continued to increase; and the excellent arrangement which the present primate has made for throwing open the collection to all likely to profit by it, will probably lead to a considerable increase in the number of donations.

Altogether, the library is just the place which the hard reader would choose for his studies; just the place in which we should expect to find some shrewd student, whose profound researches would make him the ready assistant of all literary inquirers and the terror of all slipshod and inaccurate writers. And Lambeth has long been famous for its librarians. Not to go back beyond the present century, Todd, the learned author of many works familiar to men of letters, Maitland, and the late librarian, Professor Stubbs, a man of immense learning, which he was ever ready to communicate to any who requested his aid, have all been conspicuous for their services to literature. Of these, Maitland is probably the most generally known—a man of great reading, whose chief pleasure seems to have been to pick holes in the assertions of contemporary ecclesiastical historians. His essays on the "Dark Ages," on the "Albigenses and Waldenses," on the credibility of "Milner's Church History," and similar subjects, were extremely sharp and pungent. His opinions were in some cases extreme and unwarranted, and he exhibited an *animus* against the Reformation and its adherents which seemed somewhat out of place in a retainer of a Protestant archbishop; but he is always a troublesome antagonist, whose arguments are not easily rebutted, and he unquestionably did

good service to the cause of historical truth, by compelling writers to examine more carefully the foundations of statements whose truth had been too rashly taken for granted without inquiry.

One observes with regret a proposal occasionally made to throw the library completely open to the general public. Such a proposal is thoughtlessly advocated by the press as a great boon, especially to working men and such as cannot conveniently read in the British Museum. But this is a mere delusion; to the general reader Lambeth Library is simply useless; it contains scarce a single volume of that class of literature which he wishes. Libraries to suit the wants of working men could easily be established in every district of London, but it would be a fatal mistake to make our valuable collections of old authorities, in print or in manuscript, practically useless to the historical student, by flooding the institutions which contain them with troops of casual miscellaneous readers, whose noise and restlessness, and indeed whose mere numbers, would render all serious study impossible. Knowledge is pursued under sufficient difficulties already at the British Museum. It is to be hoped that no mistaken philanthropy will destroy that peace and leisure which the patient investigator still enjoys in such sanctuaries as the State Paper Office and the Library of Lambeth Palace.

HOW A WAR WAS PREVENTED.

IN the autobiography of Mr. Sampson Wilder, of New York, there is an interesting personal record of an interview with President Jackson, by which, humanly speaking, war between France and America was prevented. The circumstances leading to this incident are thus narrated:—

"To illustrate the controlling power of God in making use of human agency in the accomplishment of his wise designs, it is necessary that I should go back to the times of the French Revolution, when that illustrious financier and far-famed banker to Louis XVI., Mr. Necker, was in power. He was the father of the celebrated Madame de Staël, and the highly-favoured grandfather of the Baron de Staël, and of his sister the Duchess de Broglie, the memory of which pious and estimable lady is published in connection with that of Madame Rumpff, the daughter of John Jacob Astor.

"It seems that Mr. Necker, during the revolutionary struggle, was desirous of placing some of his ample fortune in a foreign country, as a place of safer deposit than France or Switzerland. At that period Necker had the misfortune to be introduced to a man who had just returned from America, where he had been speculating in wild lands. This unprincipled man gave such glowing accounts of the quality, location, and cheapness of these lands, that Mr. Necker became the purchaser of two townships, consisting of near fifty thousand acres, at two dollars an acre, besides lands in the towns of Clare and Clifton in St. Lawrence county, New York; and after a while his daughter, Madame de Staël, relying on the integrity of this man, purchased an additional quantity of thirty thousand acres, which, it seems, she and her children had been trying to dispose of, in order to save them from being eaten up by tax and interest.

"I had become, from their connection with the Paris religious societies, at first in the Moral Christian Society, in which Protestants and Catholics united, quite intimate with the two brothers, the Baron de Staël and the Duc de Broglie. On the eve of my departure for America, the latter called, being recommended to do so by the Baron Hottingeur. He urged me to become his agent in disposing of the aforesaid lands. Such were his engagements in affairs of state, that he could not give time and attention to this unfortunate investment. Our relations had been such that I could not well refuse this request, though reluctantly yielding assent to it; but never thinking that the matter would be overruled to prevent the occurrence of a disastrous war. I was furnished with all the papers and documents necessary, and by employing the son-in-law of Mr. Depeau, a descendant of the Count de Grasse, who resided in St. Lawrence county, we succeeded at length in obtaining the miserable price of twenty cents an acre, which was forthwith remitted to the Duc de Broglie.

"Seeing the enormous loss to which the De Staël family had been subjected, I made no charges. All my services were gratuitous. Letters were received by me from the Duc de Broglie and his brother-in-law full of grateful acknowledgments. A small remuneration had been obtained by them, and a stop put to further ruinous taxes.

"In the meantime General Jackson became the President of the United States. In his first message to Congress, he came out with a threat against France, if she did not pay the twenty-five million francs which she had promised to do at a late settlement between the two nations.

"On the following October I received a confidential letter from the secretary of the Duc de Broglie, suggested by Rev. Dr. Baird, saying that, however great the desire of the duke as prime-minister of France to pay the twenty-five millions, yet were he to do it under the aforesaid threat, it would create a revolution in France. He therefore requested me to go to Washington—and this was backed by an urgent request from my venerated friend Baron Hottingeur—and have recourse to all the influence that could be put in requisition to obtain if possible an apology from the President, in the ensuing message, for the offending threat, or at least a softened expression, so as to allow the duke, in accordance with his desire, to pay over the money.

"Knowing the unyielding character of the man with whom I had to do, I was by no means sanguine of accomplishing the difficult task entrusted to my management. Encouraged, however, by the declaration of St. Paul, 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me,' I proceeded on my way to Washington. Having previously some acquaintance with the Presbyterian minister there, I called on him to accompany me to the White House and present me to the President."

Mr. Wilder found the President at home, and was soon able to secure a private interview; when the first remark he made was, "Sir, you see before you a man who desires no office, no emolument from government." The stiff attitude and settled features of the President very visibly relaxed, and with a more easy manner he asked Mr. Wilder to proceed, which he did, explaining the whole matter as has been stated. As the word apology was spoken, the President became excited, rose to his feet, exclaimed, "No, sir, Andrew Jackson never will," bringing his fist

down on the table with a heavy blow—"Andrew Jackson never will make an apology for what he has said in his message." Mr. Wilder began to tremble for the success of his mission, but waiting a moment, renewed his statement of facts, concluding with an appeal to President Jackson's feelings, made in his own inimitable style and manner.

"If by one turn of your pen, merely softening an expression, you, sir, avert from this land and from France all the horrors of a bloody conflict, generations yet unborn will bless your name. Think, sir, of all the widows and the orphans such a war would create. Prevent it, and your own approving conscience before God and before men shall be your reward. You, sir, are, in the providence of God, occupying a station which, if you should find grace to discharge with fidelity its responsible duties, will produce results of vast importance to the present, future, and eternal good of our fellow-men—results which angels will view with joy and admiration. Should you, by the mere softening of an expression, be now led in the ways that make for peace, eternity alone will disclose all the beneficial effects of it amid the splendours of celestial glory. That you, sir, may have grace to do this, God grant for the Redeemer's sake."

The President was evidently much affected, and answered, "Sir, it shall be as you wish; the message shall be made satisfactory. What would you propose?"

Prepared for such an emergency, Mr. Wilder took from his pocket a paper on which was written a short sentence relative to our affairs with France, and handing it to the President, said, "Something to this purport, I am sure, would enable the Duke de Broglie to pay the money without difficulty." Suffice it to say, the suggestion was adopted, the sentence virtually inserted in the next message; France was satisfied, and her debt to us soon cancelled.

Varieties.

WAR AN ORGANISED BARBARISM.—"I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory, but I confess that even the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but, on the contrary, in endeavouring to destroy each other, as if time did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years I still think;—war, which society draws upon itself, is but an organised barbarism, and an inheritance of the savage state, however disguised or ornamented."—*Letter of the King of Holland, father of Louis Napoleon, in the Napoleon Correspondence.*

FUNERAL EXPENSES.—The undertakers have seldom received such a severe blow as was dealt to them by Mr. Dickens's will. "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity." This is plain speaking, and the grim ravens who hover round the house of mourning with the view of turning tears into cash will be all in a flutter when they read this expression of opinion with regard to their trade, uttered by one whose voice has none the less influence because it proceeds from the grave. Lord Derby, Lord Clarendon, and Mr. Dickens

have all set an example, which the vulgar and ignorant will do well to follow, of simplicity in their funerals. The day will come when we, or rather our descendants, will wonder that undertakers were ever permitted to trade upon our sorrows in the present disgraceful fashion. In nine cases out of ten, when the head of a family dies, every sixpence is of value, and nothing more lamentable can be conceived than that the hard-earned savings intended to provide for the necessities of a wife and children should be squandered on black kid gloves and silk hatbands for second cousins, doctors, servants, and others who are mere puppets in the hands of the undertaker to help him to plunder the family of the deceased. If one or two dukes and duchesses would have the kindness to direct that their remains were to be deposited in the ground without having a brick vault specially made to receive them, the middle classes would at once consent to be buried in a similar manner; and this would cut off the bricklayer, who, with the haberdasher, joins the undertaker in the work of extortion. Brick vaults are but attempts to fight with nature, who, in the long run, will be victorious. We have much to learn and much to unlearn on this subject.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN NEW YORK.—Louis Napoleon, at this time, put up at the Washington House in Broadway, near the City Hall, located where one of Stewart's stores now stands; near also to Mr. Wilder's then residence in Chambers Street. In passing the Washington House, Mr. Wilder saw with Louis Napoleon a man against whom he thought it a duty to put the young man on his guard. It was a man who, by false representations of the value of lands in St. Lawrence county, N.Y., had largely defrauded the Necker and De Staël families, with whom the Duc de Broglie was connected by marriage. Knowing that the sharper in question had two more townships of land, covered with hard-hacks and scrub-oaks, with which he had so egregiously cheated his friends in Paris, Mr. Wilder took the liberty of calling on Napoleon, who received him cordially after understanding the especial purport of the visit, and, with many thanks to Mr. Wilder, said he had really been much annoyed by the man in question, but was not prepared to make any investment in lands, nor inclined to any movement until he could hear from his invalid mother, who was very ill at the time he was compelled to leave her. In fact, if the next news should not prove more favourable, he should return to his mother at all hazards, with or without the permission of Louis Philippe. Mr. Wilder said that the young man's filial attachment to his dying mother did much to enhance his estimate of one whom he little supposed would ever become emperor of the French. When Louis Napoleon learned incidentally from one of his attendants that Mr. Wilder was present at the marriage of his uncle, he kept him long after the dinner they took together, until late in the evening, asking many questions regarding that and other events in Paris of which Mr. Wilder had been an eye-witness. He also returned the visit, and had several conversations with Mr. Wilder, whose recollections of his uncle seemed much to interest him. Mr. Wilder said of Louis Napoleon, that during his residence in New York, he certainly evinced a greater degree of common-sense than the world seemed disposed to accord to him at that time.—*Life of Sampson Wilder, of New York*.

PRIMITIVE ALPHABET.—A book was published some years ago at Melbourne, entitled, "The Ancient Ones of the Earth, being the History of the Primeval Alphabet." The author, Mr. Daniel Smith, in preparing a second edition to appear in this country, gives the following account of himself and of his studies: "Being a lover of antiquities from my boyhood, it was the less surprising that my own attention should have been specially arrested by the innumerable inscriptions with which the majestic sculptures of Assyria and Babylon are covered. I had, from time to time, groped my way among the inscriptions of ancient Greece, as contained in the Elian bronze tablet and elsewhere; and how shall I attempt to describe the ecstasy of my delight when I recognised in the double triangle of the Assyrian character the familiar 'Beta' of the Greek alphabet, to say nothing of our own Roman B? The key once in my hands, I proceeded to search out the 'Alpha' and 'Gamma' and all the other letters, to the number of nineteen; and into these nineteen characters the whole of the groups of Assyrian writing are resolvable, and with these I can decipher the Assyrian inscriptions without difficulty. This most *Archaic* alphabet is in strict accordance, both in number and form, with that of the earliest Greek of which we have samples. As strong arguments in its favour, I will mention a few facts: 1st, the whole of the multitudinous Assyrian inscriptions in the British Museum are resolvable into the simple nineteen letters of the primitive alphabet; 2nd, that the letters, as seen on the

various slabs, enter into combination one with the other, viz., A with A, AB, AG, AD, AE, etc., and so on through the alphabet, B with A, BB, BG, BD, BE, etc., etc., through the alphabet, forming *syllables, words, and sentences*; 3rd, that the words and sentences so formed are nineteen out of every twenty pure Hebrew words; 4th, that the Moabitic stone lately discovered on the east of the Jordan proves to be overwhelming evidence as to the truth of my alphabet, for on it we see the Moabitish character in the earliest state it has hitherto been found, about B.C. 900, and in this state it is a nearer approach to the Primitive than many later writings."

FAULT-FINDING IN MARRIED LIFE.—If a man finds that he has a wife ill-adapted to wifely duties, does it follow that the best thing he can do is to blurt out, without form or ceremony, all the criticisms and corrections which may occur to him in the many details of household life? He would not dare to speak with as little preface, apology, or circumlocution, to his business manager, to his butcher, or his baker. The laws of society require that a man should qualify, soften, and wisely time his admonitions to those he meets in the outer world, or they will "turn again and rend him." But to his own wife, in his own house and home, he can find fault without ceremony or softening. So he can; and he can awake, in the course of a year or two, to find his wife a changed woman, and his home unendurable. He may find, too, that unceremonious fault-finding is a game that two can play at, and that a woman can shoot her arrows with far more precision and skill than a man. But the fault lies not always on the side of the husband. Quite as often is a devoted, patient, good-tempered man harassed, and hunted, and baited by the inconsiderate fault-finding of a wife whose principal talent seems to lie in the ability at first glance to discover and make manifest the weak point in everything. We have seen the most generous, the most warm-hearted and obliging of mortals, under this sort of training, made the most morose and disobliging of husbands. Sure to be found fault with, whatever they do, they have at last ceased doing. The disappointment of not pleasing they have abated, by not trying to please.—*Mrs. Beecher Stowe*.

AMERICAN INDIANS.—According to the census of the Indians in the United States, taken last year by Commissioner Parker, their total number is 378,577, of whom 75,000 are inhabitants of Alaska, 31,290 of California, 4,991 of New York. Deducting these items the total Indian population of the Mississippi and Western plains is not much more than 277,000. Of the tribes now more or less engaged in hostilities against the United States, the Comanches number 2,538; the Arapahoes, 1,158; the Cheyennes, 1,500; the Sioux, 28,120; and Apaches, 8,000—making a total of 41,316, of whom probably one in eight is an able-bodied warrior, giving an available force of a little more than 5,000 men in all, but which would not represent the efficiency of that body of men in a regular campaign, because its numbers are never concentrated.

EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.—The fluctuation in the value of early editions of Shakespeare is amusingly illustrated by the following observations of Steevens, which occur in his edition of 1785:—"An ancient quarto was sold for sixpence; and the folios 1623 and 1632, when first printed, could not have been rated higher than at ten shillings each. Very lately, one and two guineas have been paid for a quarto; the first folio is usually valued at seven or eight; but what price may be expected for it hereafter is not very easy to be determined, the conscience of Mr. Fox, bookseller, Holborn, having lately permitted him to ask no less than *two guineas for two leaves* out of a mutilated copy of that impression, though he had several, almost equally defective, in his shop. The second folio is commonly rated at two or three guineas." What would Steevens have thought of Mr. Fox, if he could have foreseen that £105 would have been publicly offered for three leaves only of one of the quarto editions? The first folio, valued in 1785 at seven or eight guineas, now realises from £400 to £500, if in a perfect, genuine state. There is, however, "much virtue in an if." Imperfect copies are plentiful, but there are probably not a dozen absolutely perfect ones known to exist.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—Head Masters of Grammar Schools and Colleges should bear in mind that they will be personally subject to pay the license-duty for armorial bearings should they use on their letter-paper, envelopes, or school prospectuses, any heraldic insignia of their establishment, even though the arms be assumptive; and trustees, or committees of management, will also have to pay additional duty should they use either arms or ensign on their official documents.—*The Scholastic Register*.